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Winnowings for Lincoln's Birthday

BY

AGNES MAWSON

PART I

SELECTIONS FOR GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOLS

PART II

FOR LITTLE FOLK
ANECDOTES

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1906

The Twentieth Century Spellers.

In two books.

By WM. L. FELTER, Ph.D., Principal of the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly Associate Superintendent of Schools, and LIBBIE J. EGINTON, Principal of Public School No. 47, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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DEDICATED AS A GARLAND OF LOVE AND REVERENCE TO THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO WAS A GREAT ADMIRER OF LINCOLN

My Mother.

PREFACE.

KNOWING how much time is required to gather material for the commemoration of statesmen's birthdays, I hope to lighten the work of my fellow-teachers and the students by the publication of this little book, trusting that from my labor will come forth their rest.

My endeavor has been, without crowding the mind of the student, to lead him to a fuller appreciation of the strength and tender beauty of Lincoln's character.

AGNES MAWSON.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

NOTHING could be more squalid and miserable than the home in the wilderness of Hardin County, Kentucky, in which Abraham Lincoln was born, February 12, 1809.

Thomas Lincoln, his father, ignorant, needy and thriftless, was a carpenter, not good at his trade, and ever seeking without success to better his unhappy condition by moving on from one scene of dreary desolation to another. Amid this wretchedness, Abraham Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, passed away. A year later Thomas Lincoln married Mrs. Johnston, a thrifty widow, who manifested an intelligent kindness toward Abraham and helped to give him a few of the comforts and decencies of life.

From the time when he could first handle tools until his twenty-first year, Lincoln's life was that of a simple farm laborer at work either on his father's wretched farm or hired out to neighboring farmers.

His whole schooling, obtained during such odd times as could be spared from labor, did not amount in all to one whole year, and included only the elements of reading, writing and ciphering. (Note 1.)

The books that he saw were few, but he read and re-read them until they were absorbed into his nature. They were: The Bible, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Shakespeare, The Pilgrim's Progress, a History of the United States and Weems' Life of Washington. (Note 2.) Candles were dear and paper was scarce; so he sat in the evening firelight, writing and ciphering on the back of a wooden shovel, shaving off what he had written to make room for more.

A trip down the Mississippi and another along the Ohio gave Lincoln a first glimpse of slavery; and he then determined if ever he got a chance "To hit that thing and hit it hard."

Lincoln continued to find such odd jobs as he could, and his work as a hired farm hand, a clerk in a village store, a miller's helper and a pilot on the Mississippi continued until 1832, when an event occurred which gave him public recognition. In the spring of that year, a noted chief of the Sacs led a campaign of such importance that it is known in history as "the Black Hawk War." The Governor of Illinois issued a call for volunteers. Lincoln enlisted and was elected by *vote,* captain of his company. Long afterwards he used to say that no other success in life had given him such pleasure as did this one. He won no military glory, but his local leadership was established.

Though he was defeated the same year when he offered himself as a candidate for the Legislature of Illinois, yet his popularity became still more manifest, and at the

age of twenty-five, in the winter of 1835 and 1836, he was elected a member of the State Legislature, holding that office for eight years during which he qualified himself for law and politics.

Lincoln possessed none of the graces of the orator; but his logic was so clear, his statements so forceful, his convictions so honest, his sympathies so broad, and his humor so genial and sparkling, that by degrees he won prominence at the bar and became the most effective public speaker in the West, and this opened his way to public life.

November 4, 1842, Lincoln married Miss Mary Todd, of Kentucky. (Note 3.)

In 1843, Lincoln was first nominated for Congress by the Whigs; he was defeated, but was elected to the Congress of 1847.

Lincoln's position upon the slavery question in this Congress was one of "moderate hostility;" he always voted with those opposed to the existence of slavery. Not approving of the form of a bill introduced into Congress to prohibit the slave trade in the District of Columbia, he voted against it and then introduced another bill which he himself had drawn; but the influence of the Southern Congressmen was too great, and the bill did not pass. Lincoln's term in Congress ended in 1849, and he was not a candidate for re-election.

Following this period until 1854, Lincoln gave his undivided attention to his practice, and by contact and conflict with many highly educated men at the bar he acquired much of his professional skill. (Note 4.)

The life of Abraham Lincoln divides itself into three principal periods: the first of about "forty years ending with his term in Congress; the second of about ten years of political speech-making, concluding with his final campaign in New York and New England shortly before the Presidential nomination in 1860; the third of about five years as President." Though for a time Lincoln was buried in the law, yet he carefully studied the various political movements, and we find him in Illinois in 1854, reappearing upon the stump.

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, designed and carried through by Stephen A. Douglas (Note 5), swept away the Missouri Compromise and the Compromise Bill of 1850. The intent of the bill was to force slavery into a territory which had declared for freedom. During the winter of 1855 Lincoln was elected to the State Legislature, but soon resigned his seat that he might the more easily be nominated to the United States Senate.

In 1858, he engaged in the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates which attracted the attention of the whole nation; and though defeated in the Senatorial campaign, he said: "I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable questions of the age which I could have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone."

This man who was "born great as distinguished from those who achieve greatness," (Note 6), and whose won-

derful ability was recognized by the intelligence of a free people, was happily chosen for their ruler in a day of deadly peril and anxiety, and notwithstanding his modesty as shown in his remark, "I do not think I am fit for the Presidency," he was elected November 6, 1860; and inaugurated March 4, 1861. (Note 7.)

From his inauguration to his death the history of Abraham Lincoln is the history of the Civil War and of the entire country. The assault on Fort Sumter showed the South as the aggressor and roused the North to use all efforts to maintain the government and the endangered Union. Lincoln's first proclamation called for 75,000 men for three months, but instead of the war lasting three months, it lasted four years and 2,000,000 men were enrolled on the side of the government alone.

As the war progresses we come to the act in Mr. Lincoln's career which crowned his life: "The Emancipation Proclamation." (Note 8.) An act upon which Lincoln invoked "The considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." (Note 9.) By this document, the President proclaimed all persons held as slaves in the United States and parts of States in rebellion, after January 1, 1863, to be thenceforward and forever free, and declared that the President with the army and the navy would acknowledge and support their freedom. (Note 10.)

In June, 1864, Lincoln was nominated for a second term and elected by an overwhelming majority. (Note 11.)

The war was fast coming to a close. Slavery had been effaced and peace began to dawn. Richmond, the rebel capital, was taken; Lee's army surrendered April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. April 11, a multitude assembled at the White House, loudly congratulating the President and claiming a speech. Lincoln came out and in a few generous words said, "No part of the honor, plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his officers and to his brave men all is due."

But triumph was soon changed to sorrow; for soon afterward as he entered his box at Ford's theatre, the President was shot by an assassin, John Wilkes Booth. Lincoln was carried to a house opposite the theatre, and the next morning, April 15, 1865, he died.

SELECTIONS FROM LINCOLN'S SPEECHES.

"THE advice of a father to his son, 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee,' (Note 12) is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper, and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite." (Note 13.)

From an Address on the "Perpetuation of our Free Institutions," in which Lincoln Characterized the Surviving Soldiers of the Revolution as "Living Histories."

"But these histories are gone. They can be read no more, forever. They were a fortress of strength; but

what invading foeman never could do, the silent artillery of time has—the leveling of its walls. They are gone. They were a forest of giant oaks; but all the resistless hurricane has swept over them, and left only here and there a lonely trunk, despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage, unshading and unshaded, to murmur to a few more gentle breezes, and to combat with its mutilated limbs a few more rude storms, then to sink and be no more. They were pillars of the temple of liberty and now that they have crumbled away, that temple must fall, unless we, their descendants, supply their places with other pillars hewn from the same solid quarry of human reason.

"Passion has helped us but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason—cold, calculating reason, unimpassioned reason—must furnish all the materials for our future support and defense.

"Let these materials be moulded into general intelligence, sound morality, and, in particular, a reverence for the Constitution and the laws; and that we improved to the last,—that we remained free to the last,—that we revered his name to the last, that during his long sleep we permitted no hostile foot to pass over or desecrate his resting-place shall be that which to learn the last trump shall awaken our Washington.

"Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest, as the rock of its basis, and as truly as has been said of the only greater institutions 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'" (Note 14.)

Speech at Springfield as Presidential Elector, on the Election of General Harrison, 1840.

"If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly alone, hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here without contemplating consequences, before Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fealty to the just cause as I deem it, to the land of my life, my liberty, and my love. And who that thinks with me, will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take? Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if, after all, we should fail, be it so. We still have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the cause approved of our judgments, and adored by our hearts, in disaster, in chains, in torture, in death, we never faltered in defending."

Springfield, 1837. Before the Young Men's Lyceum.

"Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the sup-

port of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws, let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor—let every American remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and of his children's liberty.

"Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, in colleges; let it be written in primers, in spelling-books and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

At a Mass-meeting of Whigs, at Springfield, March, 1843, at which Mr. Lincoln was Chairman of the Committee, he said:

"That union is strength is a truth that has been known, illustrated and declared in various ways and forms in all ages of the world. Æsop illustrated it by his fable of the bundle of sticks; and He whose wisdom surpasses that of all philosophers has declared that 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.'" (Note 15.)

From a speech delivered at the close of the Republican

State Convention, at Springfield, by which Lincoln had been named as candidate for United States Senator, in opposition to Douglas (Note 16), who had been endorsed by the Democratic State Convention to succeed himself. Douglas was not present. The first joint debate was at Ottawa, Illinois, August 21, 1858.

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all states, old as well as new, North as well as South." (Note 17.)

Reference to the Declaration of Independence in a Speech Delivered at Beardstown, August 12, 1858. After alluding to the suppression by the Fathers of the Republic of the slave trade, Lincoln said:

"These by their representatives in old Independence Hall said to the whole race of men, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain in-

alienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' (Note 18.) This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty and wise and noble understanding of the practice of the Creator to his creatures—yes, gentlemen, to all his creatures, to the whole great family of man.

"In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future some man, some interest, some faction should set up the doctrine that none but the rich man, none but the white man, none but the Anglo-Saxon white man was entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all the human and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles upon which the temple of liberty was being built.

"Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty; let me entreat you to come back; return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me; take no thoughts for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take and put me to death.

"While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—The Declaration of Independence."

Extract from the Cooper Institute Speech, February 27, 1860.

"Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the

necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories and to overrun us here in our Free States? If our sense of duty prevents this, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively: let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored, contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man, such as a policy of 'don't care' (Note 19) on a question about which all true men do care, such as Union appeals, beseeching true Union men to yield to Disunionists; reversing the Divine rule, and calling not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance, such as invocations to Washington, imploring man to unsay what Washington said, and undo what Washington did. Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the Government nor of danger to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Extract from Lincoln's Letter of Acceptance, Springfield, May 23, 1860.

"Imploring the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who

were represented in the convention, to the rights of all the States and Territories, and people of the nation, to the inviolability of the Constitution, and the perpetual union, harmony and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention."

Lincoln's Farewell Address, Springfield, February 11, 1861.

"My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and here one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

To the citizens of Springfield, in a huge torch-light procession, two weeks after Lincoln's first election.

"I rejoice with you in the success which has thus far attended our cause. Yet in all our rejoicings, let us neither express nor cherish any hard feelings towards any citizen who by his vote has differed with us. Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling."

Response to an Address from Governor O. P. Morton, Indianapolis, February 11, 1861 (on Lincoln's way from Springfield to Washington.)

"Most heartily do I thank you for this magnificent reception, and, while I cannot take to myself any share of the compliment thus paid, more than that which pertains to a mere instrument, perhaps I should say, of a great cause, I yet must look upon it as a most magnificent reception, and as such most heartily do I thank you for it. You have been pleased to address yourself to me chiefly in behalf of this most glorious Union in which we live, in all of which you have my hearty sympathy, and as far as may be within my power, will have, one and inseparably, my hearty co-operation. While I do not expect upon this occasion, or until I get to Washington, to attempt any lengthy speech, I will

only say that to the salvation of the Union and the liberties of this country, there needs but one single thing—the hearts of a people like yours. Truly may it be said, 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them' when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the people."

At Columbus, Ohio, to the Legislature of Ohio.

"It is true, as has been said by the President of the Senate, that very great responsibility rests upon me in that position to which the votes of the American people have called me. I am deeply sensible of that weighty responsibility. I cannot but know, what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible for me to perform, the great task. I turn then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them. All we want is time, patience and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken his people."

To the Senate of New Jersey.

"I am exceedingly anxious that the Union, the Constitution and the liberties of the people shall be perpet-

uated in accordance with the original idea for which the struggle for National Independence was made, and I shall be most happy indeed, if I shall be an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, His almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle."

In the Assembly of New Jersey.

"I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who would do more to preserve it, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly."

Speech in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, February 22, 1861.

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the Declaration of Independence. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time.

"It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance, that there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced upon the Government. The Government will not use force, unless force is used against it."

Harrisburg, Pa., February 22, 1861, (before the Pennsylvania Legislature.)

"While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of your military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise to use that force upon a proper emergency, while I make these acknowledgments, I desire to repeat, in order to preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them, that it will never become their duty to shed blood. I promise that so far as I may have wisdom to direct, if so painful a re-

sult shall in any wise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine."

Extracts from the First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.

"If the Almighty Ruler, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or yours of the South, that truth and justice will surely prevail by the judgment of the great tribunal, the American people. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken His favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties."

"The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will still swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

From the Annual Message to Congress, December 1, 1862.

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves; no personal significance or insig-

nificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free,—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope on earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

From a short speech, on leaving the War Department, November 8, 1864:

"I do believe and I trust without personal interest, that the welfare of the country does require that such support and indorsement should be given.

"I earnestly believe that the consequences of this day's work, if it be as you assume, and as now seems probable, will be to the lasting advantage, if not to the very salvation, of the country. I cannot at this hour say what will be the result of the election; but, whatever it may be, I have no desire to modify this opinion, that all who

have labored to-day in behalf of the Union, have wrought for the best interests of the country and the world, not only for the present, but for all future ages.

" I am thankful to God for this approval of the people, but while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me no triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, (Note 20), November 15, 1863.

" Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

EXTRACTS FROM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

March 4, 1865.

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude nor duration which it has already attained; neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fun-

damental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that *we* be not judged. (Note 21.) The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully."

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences: for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." (Note 22.) If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' (Note 23.)

"With malice towards none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEMS.

"Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?"
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

"Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?"
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

"And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in Night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?"
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

"Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm
And weariness a rest?"
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered, "Yes; in Heaven."

CHARLES MACKAY. (Note 24.)

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"There is one poem," Lincoln remarked in conversation, "that is almost continually present with me; it comes in my mind whenever I have relief from thought and care."

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? (Note 25.)
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall die.

* * * * * * * *

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye,—'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? (Note 26.)

William Knox.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS ABOUT LINCOLN.

A noble manhood nobly consecrated to man never dies. The martyr of liberty, the emancipator of a race, the saviour of the only free government among men, may be buried from human sight, but his deeds will live in human gratitude forever.—William McKinley.

So came the captain with the mighty heart:
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his plane—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down,
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the great struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.—Ulysses S. Grant.

Abraham Lincoln—the spirit incarnate of those who won victory in the Civil War—was the true representative of this people, not only for his own generation, but for all time, because he was a man among men. A man who embodied the qualities of his fellow-men, but who embodied them to the highest and the most unusual degree of perfection, who embodied all that there was in the nation of courage, of wisdom, of gentle, patient kindliness, and of common sense.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Standing above the loose morality of party politics, standing above the maxims and conventionalisms of statesmanship, leaving aside all directions and insincerities of diplomacy, trusting the people, leaning upon the people, inspired by the people who, in their Christian homes and Christian sanctuaries gave it their confidence, the administration of Abraham Lincoln stands out in history as the finest exhibition of a Christian democracy the world has ever seen.—*Holland's Life of Lincoln.*

I believe in all the annals of our race, Abraham Lincoln is the finest example of an unknown man rising from obscurity and ascending to the loftiest heights of human grandeur. The conspicuous causes which produced this grand result were inborn strength, integrity of character, patriotic devotion, and the maturing influences of a free country.—JAMES SPEED.

Four years ago, O, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Lincoln loved the truth for truth's sake. He would not argue from a false premise, or be deceived himself, or deceive others by a false conclusion. He did not seek to say merely the thing which was best for that day's debate, but the thing which would stand the test of time,

and square itself with eternal justice. His logic was severe and faultless: he did not resort to fallacy.—JAMES G. BLAINE.

The greatest names in American history are Washington and Lincoln. One is forever associated with the independence of the states and the formation of the Federal Union; the other with universal freedom and the preservation of the Union.

Washington enforced the Declaration of Independence as against England. Lincoln proclaimed the fulfillment, not only to a down-trodden race in America, but to all people for all time who may seek the protection of our flag. These illustrious men achieved grander results for mankind within a single century than any other men ever accomplished in all the years since the first flight of time began.

Washington drew his sword not for a change of rulers upon an established throne, but to establish a new government which should acknowledge no throne but the tribute of the people.

Lincoln accepted war to save the Union, the safe-guard of our liberties, and re-establish it on indestructible foundations as forever "one and indivisible." To quote his own words: "Now we are contending that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." —WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Thank God for Abraham Lincoln! However lightly the words may sometimes pass your lips, let us speak them now and always of this man sincerely, solemnly, reverently, as so often dying soldiers and bereaved women and little children spoke them. Thank God for Abraham Lincoln—for the Lincoln who died and whose ashes rest at Springfield—for the Lincoln who lives in the hearts of the American people—in their widened sympathies and uplifted ideals. Thank God for the work he did, is going, and is to do. Thank God for Abraham Lincoln.—James Willis Gleed.

Let us not then try to compare and to measure him with others, and let us not quarrel as to whether he was greater or less than Washington, as to whether either of them set to perform the other's task would have succeeded in it, or, perchance would have failed. Not only is the competition itself an ungracious one, but to make Lincoln a competitor is foolish and useless. He was the most individual man who ever lived; let us be content with this fact. Let us take him simply as Abraham Lincoln, singular and solitary, as we all see that he was; let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes, without worrying ourselves about the proportion which it may bear to other niches; and there let him remain forever, lonely, as in his strange lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured, and unsolved.—John T. Morse, Jr.

Lincoln's occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day, and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. In the war there was no place for holiday magistrate nor fair weather sailor. The new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle day—his endurance, his fertility of resource, his magnanimity were sorely tried, and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile council, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time, the true representative of this continent—father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their mind articulated in his tongue.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are cold and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
For fearful trip the victor ship, comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

No one who personally knew Lincoln but will feel that the deep furrowed sadness of his face seemed to forecast his fate. The genial gentleness of his manner, his homely simplicity, the cheerful humor that never failed,

are now seen to have been but the tender light that played around the rugged heights of his strong and rugged nature.

It is small consolation that he died at the moment of the war when he could best be spared, for no nation is ever ready for the loss of such a friend. But it is something to remember that he lived to see the slow day breaking. Like Moses, he had marched with us through the wilderness. From the height of patriotic vision he beheld the golden fields of the future waving in peace and plenty. He beheld, and blessed God, but was not to enter in.—*New York Paper, April 25, 1865.*

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day,—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength: his pure and mighty heart.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

The more the man as he was is known, the more completely an insight is obtained into his true character, the more his private and public life is studied, the more carefully his acts are weighed, the higher will he rise in the estimation of all those whose esteem is desirable. Coming years will detract naught from him. He has passed into history. There no lover of honesty and integrity, no admirer of firmness and resolution, no sympathizer with conscientious conviction, no friend of man need fear to leave Abraham Lincoln.—FRANK CROSBY.

It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinion all at once; he was canonized by the irresistible decree of countless millions.—NICOLAY AND HAY.

As the generations slip away, as the dust of conflict settles, and as through the clearing air we look back with keener vision into the Nation's past, mightiest among the mighty dead, loom up the three great figures of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. These three greatest men have taken their places among the great men of all nations, the

great men of all times. They stood supreme in the two great crises of our history, in the two great occasions when we stood in the van of all humanity, and struck the most effective blows that have ever been struck for the cause of human freedom under the law.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of heart and head, and for his patience and patriotism. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had entrusted command, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries.

In his death the Nation lost its greatest hero, in his death, the South lost its most just friend.—ULYSSES S. GRANT.

The martyr is moving in triumphal march mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead?—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln the decision and the wisdom and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men.—MATTHEW SIMPSON.

The unreconstructed and the unreconciled people belong to the soles of the feet. Those who are raised high enough to be able to look over the stone walls, those who are intelligent enough to take a broader view of things than that which is bounded by the lines of any one state or section, understand that the unity of the nation is of the first importance, and are prepared to make those sacrifices and concessions, within the bounds of loyalty, which are necessary for its maintenance, and to cherish that temper of fraternal affection which alone can fill the form of national existence with the warm blood of life. The first man after the Civil War, to recognize this great principle and to act upon it was the head of the nation,—that large and generous soul whose worth was not fully felt until he was taken from his people by the stroke of the assassin, in the very hour when his presence was most needed for the completion of the work of reunion.—*Lincoln's Birthday.*—HENRY VAN DYKE.

For the Services in Memory of Abraham Lincoln.

O Thou of soul and sense and breath
The ever-present Giver,
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh thou dost deliver;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest Lord forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation!
O let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our nation!

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake thy people never,
In One our broken many blend,

That none again may sever!
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless thy name forever.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From the union of those colonists, our Northern and Southern ancestry, from the straightening of their purposes, and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln.—H. W. GRADY.

The Declaration of Independence was no more the natural, logical and legitimate consequence of the struggle for colonial rights and liberties than the Emancipation Proclamation is the natural, logical and legitimate consequence of our struggle for the Union. The Emancipation Proclamation is the true sister of the Declaration of Independence; it is the supplementary act; it is the Declaration of Independence translated from universal principle into universal fact. And the two great state papers will stand in the history of this country as the proudest monuments, not only of American statesmanship, Amer-

ican spirit, and American virtue, but also of the earnestness and good faith of the American heart. The Fourth of July, 1776, will shine with ten-fold luster, for its glory is at last completed by the first of January, 1863.—Carl Schurz.

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the martyr, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

And then when Peace set wing upon the wind
And northward flying fanned the clouds away,
He passed as martyrs pass. Ah, who shall find
The chord to sound the pathos of that day?
Mid-April blowing sweet across the land,
New bloom of freedom opening to the world,
Loud pæans of the homeward looking host,
The salutations grand
From grimy guns, the tattered flags unfurled;
But he must sleep to all the glory lost!

Maurice Thompson.

From the Commemoration Ode delivered at Harvard College to the memory of those of its students who fell in the war which kept the country whole..

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead,
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust

In the sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From the same Commemoration Ode.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,

And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Moses Kimball, a citizen of Boston, presented to the city a duplicate of the Freedman's Memorial statute erected in Lincoln Square, Washington. The group which stands in Park Square, represents the figure of a slave, from whose limbs the broken fetters have fallen, kneeling in gratitude at the feet of Lincoln. The group was designed by Thomas Ball, and was unveiled December 9, 1879. These verses were written for the occasion.

THE EMANCIPATION GROUP.

Amidst thy sacred effigies,
Of old renown give place,
O city, Freedom-loved! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not
  Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-lined face, that time forgot,
  Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word
  He spake was not his own!
An impulse from the highest stirred
  These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
  Along his pathway ran,
And Nature, through his voice denied
  The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
  Saw peril, strife and pain;
His was the Nation's sacrifice,
  And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth
  As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
  Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
  To coming ages long,
That truth is stronger than a lie
  And righteousness than wrong.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Lincoln's nature was deeply religious, but he belonged to no denomination; he had faith in the eternal justice and boundless mercy of Providence, and made the golden rule of Christ his practical creed.

History must accord him a rare sagacity in guiding a great people through the perils of a mighty revolution, an admirable singleness of aim, a skillful discernment and courageous seizure of the golden moment to free his nation from the incubus of slavery, faithful adherence to law and conscientious moderation in the use of power, a shining personal example of honesty and purity.

Architect of his own fortunes, rising with every opportunity, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty, he not only proved himself pre-eminently the man of the the hour, but the signal benefactor of posterity. As statesman, ruler and liberator, civilization will hold his name in perpetual honor.—Colonel J. G. Nicolay.

Abraham Lincoln—This man whose homely face you look
upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a wit dismayed.
Hold! Warriors, councillors, kings!
All now give place to this dear benefactor of the Race.

R. H. STODDARD.

In all the grandeur of the power that Lincoln wielded, he never ceased to be one of the plain people—as he always called them. He never lost or impaired his perfect sympathy with them; he was always in perfect touch with them and open to their appeals; and here lay the very secret of his personality and his power, for the people in turn gave him their absolute confidence. His courage, his fortitude, his patience, his hopefulness were sorely tried, but never exhausted.—JOSEPH CHOATE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
  As might some prophet of the elder day,
  Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
  A power was his beyond the touch of art
  Or armed strength: his pure and mighty heart.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

The following is an extract from a poem which appeared anonymously in the London Punch, May 6, 1865. Accompanying it was an engraving of Britannia mourning at Lincoln's bier and placing a wreath thereon.

Columbia was represented as weeping at the head of the President, and at the foot of the bier was a slave with broken shackles. Underneath was the inscription, "Britannia sympathizes with Columbia."

Not until within a few years did it become generally known that the author was the dramatist, Tom Taylor, (Note 27) the author of the comedy, "Our American Cousin," a performance of which President Lincoln was attending at the time of his assassination.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,—
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumphs came!

A deed acurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown, crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

Lincoln arose! the masterful, great man,
Girt with rude grandeur, quelling doubt and fear,—
A more than king, yet in whose veins there ran
The red blood of the people, warm, sincere,

Blending of Puritan and Cavalier.
A will whose force stern warriors came to ask,
A heart that melted at a mother's tear—
These brought he to his superhuman task:
Over a tragic soul he wore a comic mask.

He was the South's child more than of the North!
His soul was not compact of rock and snow,
But such as old Kentucky's soil gives forth,—
The splendid race of giants that we know,
Firm unto friend, and loyal unto foe,
Such birthrights all environment forestall,
Resistlessly their tides of impulse flow.
This man who answered to his country's call
Was full of human faults, and nobler for them all.

He is a life, and not a legend, yet:
For thousands live who shook him by the hand,
Millions whose sympathies with his were set,
Whose hopes and griefs alike with his were grand,
Who deeply mourned his passing. They demand
Our homage to the greatest man they saw,—
They, his familiars; and throughout our land
The years confirm them, over race and law:
Even of rancor now the voice is hush'd in awe.

HENRY TYRRELL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power;—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that husheth all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the Sons of Light
Among the noble hearts of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Abraham Lincoln did not die because he was Abraham Lincoln, but because he represented the Nation's contest with, and victory over, treason. We might engrave his name on marble—it would crumble; we might inscribe it

on Mont Blanc where that living wall four thousand feet in height overlaid a portion of mountain eleven thousand feet high—that granite spire would moulder in fragments round the base of its pedestal before the name and memory of Abraham Lincoln would be forgotten.—SCHUYLER COLFAX.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

Give the boys a chance.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln loved the truth for truth's sake.—JAMES G. BLAINE.

That some may be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*From an Address to a Committee of a Workingmen's Association.*

I believe in all the annals of the race, Abraham Lincoln is the finest example of an unknown man rising from obscurity and ascending to the loftiest heights of human grandeur.—JAMES SPEED.

Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

If this country cannot be saved without giving up the principle of liberty, I was about to say I would rather be

assassinated on this spot than surrender it.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*Speech, Independence Hall, Feb. 22, 1860.*

I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*Speech at Springfield, 1858.*

He was the patriot who was ever willing to make personal sacrifices for his patriotism.—ABRAM S. HEWITT.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,
Grieved when rigid for justice's sake;
Given to jest, yet ever in earnest,
If naught of right or truth were at stake.

H. H. BROWNELL.

Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.*

People who tell what they do not know to be true, falsify as much as those who knowingly tell falsehoods. —ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*Lincoln and Douglass Debates.*

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

TOM TAYLOR.

I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which the Revolution was made.—Abraham Lincoln.—*To the Senate in the Capital of New Jersey.*

His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.—Ulysses S. Grant.

Having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.—Abraham Lincoln.—*Message to Congress, July 5, 1861.*

Government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.—Abraham Lincoln. —*Gettysburg Speech.*

A manhood nobly consecrated to man never dies.—William McKinley.

All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to my mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln's occupying the chair of state, was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In giving freedom to the slaves, we assure freedom to

the free; honorable alike in what we give and in what we preserve.—Abraham Lincoln.—*Message to Congress, 1862.*

He went about his work—such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do
  Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;
Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
  That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will he can arrive to know,
  Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

Tom Taylor's *Tribute to Lincoln.*

Abraham Lincoln's religion was to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God.—James Willis Gleed.

We rest in peace, where his sad eyes
  Saw peril, strife and pain:
His was the awful sacrifice,
  And ours the priceless gain.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Lincoln always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better.—Nicolay and Hay.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*Second Inaugural Address.*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*Cooper Institute Speech.*

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."—*Quoted by* ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *in several speeches.*

No hero, this, of Roman mould;
Nor like our stately sires of old;
Perhaps he was not great—
But he preserved the State!

R. H. STODDARD.

Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other.—GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country and should dwell together in the bond of fraternal feeling.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Under the providence of God, he was next to Washington, the greatest instrument for the preservation of the Union and the integrity of the country; and this was brought about chiefly through his strict adherence to the Constitution of his country.—PETER COOPER.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. . . . We here highly resolve that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—*Gettysburg Speech.*

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights.
TOM TAYLOR.

Would that Abraham Lincoln's hands might be laid upon all who complain and cavil and criticise, and think

of the little things in life. Would that his spirit might possess their spirit.

Patriot, who made the pageantries of kings
Like shadows seem, and unsubstantial things.
R. W. Dale.

Now he belongs to the Ages.—Edwin M. Stanton.

O honest face which all men knew!
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic Rage.
R. H. Stoddard.

A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him.—Abraham Lincoln.

The angels of your thoughts are climbing still
The shining ladder of his fame,
And have not ever reached the top, nor ever will
While this low life pronounces his high name.

But yonder, where they dream, or dare, or do,
The "good" or "great" beyond our reach,
To talk of him must make old language new
In heavenly, as it did in human speech.
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

He grew according to the need, and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ANECDOTES.

From the many stories of Lincoln the following have been chosen to illustrate still further the simplicity, purity, justice, loyalty, dignity and full development of character of this nobleman—this "representative of all that is worthily American, and the gentlest memory of our world."

Abraham Lincoln's step-mother, not long before her death, gave striking testimony of his winning and loyal character.

She said to Mr. Herndon: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say,—Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in act or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."

One night Abraham tucked a borrowed book into a chink in the log wall of the cabin and went to sleep. A storm came up in the night and the book was soaked through when the eager boy sought for it in the early morning light.

Abe was in despair over its destruction. With a heavy heart he took it back to its owner. Mr. Crawford, who had lent it, looked at Abraham with an assumed severity and asked him what he proposed to do about it. The lad offered to do anything Mr. Crawford thought fair and just. It was agreed that young Abraham was to pull fodder or corn-stalks for three days.

"And does that pay for the book or for the damage done to it?" asked the boy, taking his first lesson in worldly wisdom.

"Wal, I allow," said the kindly owner of the precious book, "that it won't be much account to me or anybody else now, and the bargain is that you pull the fodder and the book is yours."

His step-mother said of Lincoln: "He read everything he could lay his hands on, and when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards, if he had no paper, and keep it by him until he could get paper. Then he would copy it, commit it to memory and repeat it." Thus, out of books that he did not own and could not keep, he collected a great many things of the utmost value to him.

How Lincoln Earned His First Dollar.—"I was about eighteen years of age," said the President. "I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, 'the scrubs;' people who do not own slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flat-boat large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them aboard.

"I was contemplating my new flat-boat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them; 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' I said. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flat-boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I skulled them out to the steamboat. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam

again, when I called out to them that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. It was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident boy from that time."

"I was once traveling out in Illinois," said President Lincoln, "when my driver halted his team before a tavern. 'Goin' to treat? Mr. Lincoln,' said John. 'I do not drink,' said I, not wishing to be detained at such an early stage of my journey. 'Let me have a chew then.' 'I never use tobacco, my friend.' 'Look-a-here, sir!' said he. 'If a fellah has no small vices, I have always noticed that he makes up for it in big ones.'"

How Lincoln Won the title of "Honest Abe."—Having discovered on one occasion that he had taken six-and-a-quarter cents too much from a customer, he walked three miles that evening after his store was closed to return the money.

Again, he weighed out a half pound of tea, as he

supposed. It was night, and this was the last thing he did before closing up. In the morning he discovered he had given short weight, and closing up shop, hurried off to deliver the remainder of the tea. This regard for the rights of others soon won him the title of "Honest Abe."

Lincoln's First Experience in Drilling His Company in the Black Hawk War.—"I could not, for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get through the gate; so I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

An incident which occurred early in Lincoln's career as a lawyer illustrated both his kindness of heart and his legal skill.

At a camp-meeting, held in Menard County, a fight took place which ended in the murder of one of the participants. A young man named Armstrong, a son of the aged couple for whom many years before Lincoln had worked, was charged with the crime, and, being arrested and examined, was indicted and put in prison to await his trial. Popular feeling was strong against the young man, and there seemed no doubt that he would be convicted.

As soon as Mr. Lincoln received intelligence of the affair, he wrote to Mrs. Armstrong, offering to defend her son, without charge, in return for her many kindnesses to him in his boyhood. Investigation convinced Lincoln that the young man was the victim of a conspiracy. His first step was to have the trial postponed until the popular excitement against the accused had somewhat subsided. The day of trial finally arrived. The accuser testified positively that about half-past nine o'clock at night, by the light of the moon he had seen the prisoner inflict the death-blow. Mr. Lincoln, after reviewing the testimony carefully, proved conclusively that the moon did not rise until at least an hour after the murder was committed. Other discrepancies were exposed, and in thirty minutes after the jury retired they returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

A government official, in reference to an attack made on Lincoln by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, for a certain alleged blunder, asked the President: "Might it not be well for me to set this matter right in a letter to some paper, stating the facts as they actually transpired?"

"Oh no," replied the President; "at least not now. If I were to try to read, much less answer all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me

out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

What Lincoln said of a political defeat: "I feel, I suppose, very much like the boy who had stubbed his toe—'too bad to laugh, too big to cry.'"

Mr. Huntington, cashier of the First National Bank of Washington, meeting an old friend of Mr. Lincoln's one morning, remarked, "That President of yours is the oddest man alive. Why, he endorses notes for niggers!"

It seems that some time before, a colored man, finding himself in danger of losing his house for the want of $150, went to Mr. Lincoln and told his story.

The result was that the man made a two months' note, which Mr. Lincoln endorsed. The note was discounted by some one, and found its way into Huntington's bank for collection. Upon its maturity, the colored man failed to pay.

Instead of serving the customary notice of protest upon the endorser, the cashier took the note in person to Mr. Lincoln, who at once offered to pay it.

Mr. Huntington said, "Mr. President, you have tried to help a fellow mortal along. I am not willing that you should suffer this entire loss; we will divide it between us." And the affair was thus settled.

The following incident as related by the Washington correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune," is a touching instance of Lincoln's genuine goodness of heart, combined with the native simplicity of a country gentleman:

"I dropped in upon Mr. Lincoln on Monday last, and found him busily engaged in counting greenbacks. 'This, sir,' said he, 'is something out of my usual line; but a President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or Acts of Congress; this is one of them. This money belongs to a poor negro, who is a porter in the Treasury Department, and who is at present very sick with the small-pox. He is now in the hospital and could not draw his pay, because he could not sign his name. I have been at considerable trouble to overcome the difficulty and get it for him; and have at length succeeded in cutting red-tape, as you newspaper men say. I am now dividing the money, and putting by a portion, labelled, in an envelope, with my own hands, according to his wish.'"

While sitting in the office of the "State Journal," Mr. Lincoln received a telegram announcing his nomination to the Presidency.

He put it into his pocket, saying quietly: "There's a little woman down at our house who would like to know this.—I'll just step around and tell her."

As a volunteer company was being drilled in the manual of arms, a gentleman who was acting as lieutenant for the day, said: "Now, I will teach you the manner of surrendering arms, so in case you ever have to do it, you will know how to do it gracefully."

Mr. Lincoln, who was standing near, interrupted: "Hold on! Lieutenant, I'll teach them myself." He snatched a musket from a soldier standing near, raised it to his shoulder a moment, as if in the act of firing upon an enemy; then letting it drop from his hand, he staggered forward and fell with the musket beneath him, as if shot through the heart. Springing up again, he cried: "That's the way to surrender arms!" A tremendous shout broke from the ranks.

"That's the kind we learn;—surrender and die at the same time; never mind the grace of it." And 'the grace of it' was discarded.

Mr. Lincoln was very amiable and patient in listening to people who thought they had wrongs to redress. Sometimes when his patience had been abused, he was capable of administering a rebuke in his own way.

One day he was disturbed by the unwarranted intrusion of three men, who, without apology, proceeded to lay their claim before him. Mr. Lincoln listened to an insolent tirade and then said:

"You three gentlemen remind me of a story I once heard, of a little boy out West who had lost his mother.

His father wanted to give him a religious education and so placed him in the family of a clergyman whom he directed to instruct the little fellow carefully in the Scriptures. Every day the boy had to commit to memory and recite a chapter of the Bible.

"Things proceeded smoothly until they reached the chapter which details the story of the trials of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. The boy got on until he was asked to repeat these three names, but he had forgotten them. His teacher told him he must learn them and gave him another day to do so. Next day the boy forgot them again. 'Now,' said the teacher. 'You have again failed to remember those names, and you can go no further until you have learned them. I will give you another day, and if you don't repeat the names correctly, I will punish you.'

"A third time the boy came to recite. When he got down to the stumbling-block, the clergyman said: 'Now, tell me the names of the men in the fiery furnace.'

"'Oh!' said the boy, 'here comes those three infernal bores! I wish the devil had them!'"

Having received their final answer, the three men retired.

Some gentlemen from the West, one day called at the White House, much excited and troubled about the commissions and omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently and then replied: "Gen-

tlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope; would you shake the cable, and keep shouting out to Blondin, 'Stand up a little straighter, Blondin! Stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Lean a little more to the North! Lean a little more to the South? No! you would hold your breath and your tongues, and keep your hands off until he was safe over.

"Now, the Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them, keep silence, and we will get you safe across."

A correspondent, who was with the President, on the occasion of a visit to Frederick, Md., told the following story:

After leaving General Richardson, the party passed a house in which was a large number of Confederate wounded. By request of the President, the party entered the building. Mr. Lincoln remarked to the wounded Confederates that if they had no objection, he would be pleased to take them by the hand. He said that the solemn obligations which we owe to our country and posterity compelled the prosecution of the war, and it followed that many were our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances, so he bore them no malice, and could take them by the hand with sympathy and good feeling.

After a short silence, the Confederates came forward, and each silently but fervently shook the hand of the President.

One day, a particularly persevering office-seeker called on Mr. Lincoln, and, presuming on the activity he had shown in behalf of the party ticket, asserted as a reason why the office should be given him, that he made Mr. Lincoln President.

"You made me President, did you?" asked Mr. Lincoln, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I think I did," said the applicant.

"Then a pretty mess you've got me into, that's all!" replied the President, and closed the discussion.

Once a deputation of citizens interested in the distribution of offices in a distant state, waited upon Lincoln with a remonstrance against certain appointments. Their objections were in writing, and the spokesman read it to the President.

The paper contained an implied reflection on his old friend, Senator Baker. Lincoln listened, then he said, taking the paper: "Is this paper mine to do with as I please?"

"Certainly, Mr. President," replied the spokesman. The President calmly laid the paper on the blazing coals and said: "Good morning, gentlemen.

Afterwards, Lincoln said in explanation: "The paper

was an unjust attack upon my dearest personal friend, Ned Baker. The delegation did not know what they were talking about when they made him responsible, almost abusively, for what I had done or proposed to do.

"They told me that that was my paper to do with as I liked. I could not trust myself to reply in words, I was so angry. That was the whole case."

It is told of Lincoln that he called upon General Sickles, who had been brought from the field to Washington, having lost a leg at Gettysburg. After answering questions upon every detail of that great crucial battle, General Sickles asked: "Mr. Lincoln, what did you think of Gettysburg? Were you much concerned about it?"

Lincoln replied, "I thought very little about Gettysburg, and I had no concern about it."

The General expressed great surprise, and said that he had understood that the capital was in a great panic, and asked why the President was so free from concern.

"Well," replied the simple-minded Lincoln, "I will tell you, if you will not tell anybody about it. Before that battle I went into my room at the White House. I knelt on my knees, and I prayed to God as I had never prayed to Him before, and I told Him if He would stand by us at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him; and He did, and I shall. And when I arose from my knees, I imagined I saw a spirit that told me I need not trouble about Gettysburg."

Mr. Lincoln's calm serenity at times when others were anxious, his confidence that his own judgment was directed by the Almighty, so impressed me, that when I had the opportunity, at some risk of giving offence, I ventured to ask him directly how far he believed the Almighty actually directed our natural affairs.

"That the Almighty does make use of human agencies and directly intervenes in human affairs is," he said, "one of the plainest statements of the Bible. I have had so many evidences of His direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. I frequently see my way clear to a decision when I am conscious that I have no sufficient facts upon which to found it. But I cannot recall one instance in which I have followed my own judgment, founded upon such a decision, where the results were unsatisfactory; whereas in almost every instance where I have yielded to the views of others, I have had occasion to regret it. I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do a particular thing, he finds a way of letting me know it. I am confident that it is his design to restore the Union. He will do it in his own good time. We should obey, and not oppose His will."—L. E. CHITTENDEN.

NOTES.

Note 1. Lincoln once remarked in speaking of his boyhood, "My early history is characterized by a line of Gray's Elegy.—'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

Note 2. John Hanks says: "When Abe and I would return to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of cornbread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs as high as his head, and read and read. He would sit in the twilight and read the Dictionary as long as he could see."

Note 3. Lincoln had four sons: of those only the oldest, Robert Todd Lincoln, lived to manhood.

Note 4. Lincoln as a lawyer. Mr. Joseph H. Choate (United States Ambassador to England, 1900) lays more stress upon Lincoln's career as a lawyer than do his biographers, because the practise of the law has been and still is the main avenue to public life; and because, he claims, it was Lincoln's training in the courts that developed the great characteristics that broadened in his political career. William H. Herndon, Lincoln's partner in the legal profession, says that he was "A very great and a very insignificant lawyer." Judge David Davis (1815–1886) says: "In all the elements that constitute a great lawyer, Lincoln had few equals." Judge Thomas Drummond (Federal Judge for Illinois in 1860) says: "He was one of the ablest lawyers I have ever known."

Note 5. Stephen A. Douglas, a native of Vermont, emigrated to Illinois, 1833, friendless and almost penniless. He rapidly rose to distinction in the West. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, two years later was a member of the State Legislature. He was successively Secretary of State of Illinois, Judge of the Supreme Court, and member of Congress; following this he became a recognized leader of the Democratic party, finally was nominated for the Presidency, but was defeated. He died in the forty-eighth year of his age.

Note 6. Read Shakespeare's "Twelfth night" Act. 2, Scene 5:

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Note 7. "Since white men first landed on this continent, the selection of Washington to lead the army of the Revolution is the only event compared in good fortune with this nomination of Abraham Lincoln."—JOHN T. MORSE, JR., in *Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

Note 8. Senator George Sewall Boutwell says of the Emancipation Proclamation: "There is no other individual act performed by any person on this continent that can

be compared with it. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were each the work of bodies of men. The Proclamation of Emancipation in this respect stands alone. The responsibility rests wholly upon Lincoln; the glory is chiefly his."

Note 9. Conclusion of the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Note 10. "Mr. Lincoln had in mind the same notion as Mr. Seward, that a victory would be an excellent companion for the Proclamation. Thus about the time of the victory of Antietam, the second draught of the Emancipation Proclamation was published, September 23, 1862.'"—MORSE.

Note 11. "A victory worth more to the country than a battle won."—GEN. U. S. GRANT.

Note 12. Polonius' speech in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Act 1, Scene 3:

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

John Hay says: "Lincoln read Shakespeare more than all other writers together."

Note 13. "This deserves to be written in letters of gold in every hall of every college and gymnasium."—NICOLAY AND HAY'S *Life of Lincoln.*

Note 14. St. Matthew, 16, 18.

Note 15. St. Luke, Chapter xi, 17; St. Mark, Chapter iii, 24, 25.

Note 16. The careers of Lincoln and Douglas were closely connected. In their professions and in their politics they were rivals, and finally became rival candidates for the presidency.

1839—Both were admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Illinois on the same day.

1841—Both courted the same lady.

1846—Both represented Illinois in Congress.

1858—They were opposing candidates for United States Senator.

1860—They both were candidates for the Presidency.

Note 17. The one dominating characteristic of Lincoln's speeches is their constant recurrence to broad and enduring principles, their unremitting effort to lead public opinion to loftier and nobler conceptions of political duty."—NICOLAY AND HAY'S *Life of Lincoln.*

Note 18. Declaration of Independence.

Note 19. "Don't care."—Lincoln here referred to a quarrel between President Buchanan and Judge Douglas in the course of which Douglas said, "I care not whether slavery be voted down or voted up." In his debate with Judge Douglas, August 21, 1858, Lincoln said: "When Judge Douglas says he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up, he is, in my judgment, penetrating the human soul and eradicating the light of reason and the love of liberty in this American people."

Note 20. The Gettysburg Address.—Mr. Arnold in his Life of Lincoln says: "It was actually while Mr. Lincoln was in the cars on his way from the White House to the battlefield, that he jotted down in pencil the brief address which he delivered in a few hours."

"My dear Sir:—

"Permit me to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

Edward Everett to Lincoln, Nov. 20, 1863.—Nicolay and Hay.

"A dedication so brief yet so comprehensive, so terse, yet so eloquent, linking the deeds of the present to the thoughts of the future, with simple words in such living original, yet exquisitely molded maxim-like phrases, that the best critics have awarded it an unquestioned rank as one of the world's masterpieces of rhetorical art."—Nicolay and Hay.

Seth Low, Mayor of New York, at the unveiling of the statue of General Slocum on the field of Gettysburg, September 19, 1902, said: "The battle of Gettysburg is looked upon, by common consent, as the crisis of the civil war. Not only did it stop the invasion of the Northern States, but it marked the last effort of the Confederacy to assume the offensive. It literally turned the tide of war. This little eminence of Cemetery Hill, therefore, seems to be, in a sense, the great divide of American history. On the other side of it the stream of American history, however brightly it flashes in the sun, is tinged with the dark stain of human slavery; on this side of it, the stream of American history runs clean and clear, singing the song of freedom for black and white alike, as it seeks the ocean of eternity."

Note 21. St. Matthew, chapter 7, verse 1:—"Judge not that *ye* be not judged."

Note 22. St. Matthew, 18. 7.

Note 23. Psalms, 19. 9.

Note 24. An English journalist who acted as war correspondent for a London newspaper in the United States during the Civil War.

Note 25. For the complete poem, "Immortality," the reader is referred to the "Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln," by Frank Crosby.

Note 26. The following is an extract from a very long original poem written by Lincoln in 1844 while on a visit to the home of his childhood:

My childhood's home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds the brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

Ah, Memory! thou midway world,
'Twixt earth and Paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise;

And freed from all that's earthy, vile
Seems hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

The entire poem may be found in an article on Lincoln by Colonel J. H. Nicolay in the Century Magazine, Vol. 25.

Note 27. Edmond Clarence Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" and other collections of nineteenth century English poetry ascribe the poem to Tom Taylor, journalist, dramatist and editor of "Punch" for some years; but Spielman's "History of Punch" gives Shirley Brooks, who was editor of "Punch" for a few years, as the author.—'From the New York Times Saturday Review, September 13, 1902.

Forest Land.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Illustrated. Square 8vo. $1.50 net; postage additional.

This is a series of beautiful little stories beautifully illustrated. They tell of the adventures of a little boy and a little girl up on the breezy hills on the edge of the woods making their acquaintance with Forest Land. The stories are illustrated by eight full-page pictures in colors by Emily Benson Knipe. The pictures are in happy accord with the text. The book has a picture cover, a fancy lining, and attractive little sketches at the heads and ends of the chapters. Butterflies are to be found on odd pages apparently fluttering through the book.

The little girl and the little boy first hear the "Voice of the Forest" whispering eagerly to them to come and see it, and respond to the invitation. Then they go in and learn all the strange secrets of the wee wild things, and promise the trees that they will never be cut down. The chapters fill the reader, be he young or be he old, with a feeling of the fresh outdoors, healthy, kindly, happy thoughts, and pure ideas. The breezy kindliness of Mr. Chambers's writings is better than a tonic.

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